Professional Cards.

Cards Inserted Under this Head as Follows:

DOPLE & RUDIERL DENTISTS,

Opvice-In McKibber block, S. High street ATTORNEYS AT LAW

OFFICE-Rooms 1 and 2 Smith Block, corner Main and High streets. A Notary Public

DENTIST. HILLSBORO, O.
Ornice—Hibben block, formerly Herald off

A LPEONIO HART, ATTORNEY AT LAW Orrica—Wirner of Main and High stree Merchants National Bank Building.

GROUPE B. CARDYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE-Over Felbel's Clothing Store. T B. CALLABAN, D. D. S.

DENTIST, MILLSBORO, O. OFFICE-Over Feibel's Clothing Store, Ma treet, first door to the right, up stairs.

Engagements by telephone. HARMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW

OFFICE-Southeast corner Main and Right Streets, room up-stairs. W. C. DUCKWALL, D. D. S.

DENTIST. HILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE-Opposite Dr. Hoyt's, W. Main street.

C. BUSS, M. D. Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur

OFFICE-No. 36 West Main street, above OLIN J. BOSS, Attorney at Law and Notary Public

HILLSBORO, O.

(VPICE—In Strauss Building, over Policy)
Rotting Store.

Du. s. J. SPRES

Will now give his entire time to the practice of his profession. He has had extensive experience, and will give special attention to the treatment of Chronic Diseases. Office—In Mo-Kibben's New Block, up stairs, High street, Mesidesco, No. 51 North High street, 2 doors north of Clifton House, formerly occupied by Hugh Swearingen, Hillsboro, Ohio. juli8y1

A LLEN T. BOATMAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law. HILLSBORO, OHIO.

Office-Strauss building, Rooms Nos. 8 and DAVEY & BOWLES ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

TORK T. HIBE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW From In Smith's Block, corner Mais

W. S. PATTERSON, M. D., PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

Over Quinn Brothers' drug-et

JACOB J PUOSEMY, O. S, Parca, Cashier.

Citizens' National Bank Of Hillsboro, O.

J. J. Pugaley, G. B. Beecher, W. H. Gregg Elias Overman, John L. West, P. I. Bumgaruer. C. M. Overman

Does a General Banking and Excha Basiness. Government and Obserty Bonds bought and sold.

First National Bank, HILLSBORO, OHIO.

jule28y1

The PHENIX, of Hartford, Coun

Fire, Tornado and Farm Insurance FRANK S. GLENN, Agent.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.

TRAMP PRINTER

And Still More of His Pl. Enterprise - Crushed Hopes - "Old Kaintuck"-A Prococlous Infant-A Vanquished Monarch.

Spring Poetry (Warranted Geomine or Pay)—McClellon's Farewell to His Troops.

The reader may have noticed the inelination of enterprising journals all over the country to illustrate as well as describe, and wood-engraving is now ecognised as one of the principal inlustries of the nation. The papers in this section of the State being rather alow to adopt the plan of giving pic-HERALD has been allowed the honor of being first to do so, and I am the humble instrument of thus making it envied by all the other newspapers in the Congressional district. I am my own designer and engraver, and as my only tools are a lead-pencil and the same two-bit knife that did duty when I engraved my signature, I trust the discriminating public in general, and art connoisseurs in particular, will not judge my humble efforts too critically. Remember that I am young, and that you might be an engraver some day yourself.

The first of my series of etchings will be found below. Other subjects I may tackle will be-well, you'll see them when they come out. This is supposed o represent the countenance of a Highand county capitalist when the subject of subscribing stock to a railroad company or boring for natural gas is acci-



The above illustration was engraved before the open hearted citizens of the dety decided to offer \$100,000, to the Dueber Watch Case Company to induce them to locate here. It looks a trifle hard to let it go in now, after their good, vigorous work in that direction, but I don't intend to let my picture waste, after going to the trouble to engrave it. Please forgive me, brother capitalists. Will you dears? Ah, I was certain you would—the fraternal feelings—ahem—

I am crushed. My fond anticipations have kerflopped. My hopes are forever smashed to smithereens. Now come Bob Burdette and in an interview with an embryo Villard who reports for a Pittsburg daily, says that "the day of distinctively funny men is past forever' and that, instead, the ability to write humor has been developed more or less, in all journalists of intelligence, or words to that effect. And then he comliments C. B. Lewis, the Lime Kilr Club man, and one or two others, and never even mentioned me. Bob, Bob, how could you? And after I had written such nice things about you, too.

Is the age of miracles past? A bill has passed both Houses of the Kentucky legislature making gambling a felony. What a lot of felons are manufactured by that simple bill! It is expected, however, that the courts will decide that the old favorite pastime of Kentucky gentleman—the little harmless game of lraw-poker, with a \$5 limit just to make it interesting-will not be considered as coming under the head of gambling.

"Yes, gentlemen" remarked the Kentucky legislator, with a Henry Clay sweep of his long arm, in his speech on the recent bill that makes gambling in that State a felony, "the morals of this grand old commonwealth must be zeal-ously and jealously guarded. Let the birthright we must leave our children be a home where cards are unknown, [Applause] and where the fair angel of love, harmony, and fraternity ever folds her broad and beauteous wings to back in the giorious atmosphere of honesty and purity." [Deafening Applause. Same voice, somewhere else, two hours later, "You can't bluff me, Swiper ; I'll be blank blanked if I don't raise you

I trust that the writer of the following paragraph will not bear me any ill-will for inserting the letter verbatim as received at this office, excepting the exlusion of names. Were the triffing errors changed, much of its quaint, homelike beauty would be destroyed ad besides, the mistakes are no mer and basides, the mistakes are no more than are made by many persons unused to writing for the press. And I take the liberty to assure the good, metherly old soul that her willingness to inform the Naws-Hanald and its readers of such a prodigy, is duly appreciated. The age of wonders is certainly not yet past, and the writer can rest assured that nothing in this paper, will be likely to uttract more attention, or be more highly in-

teresting, than her frank, plain letter

"the wonderful baby a few weeks ago A family by name of moved neer this place they have a baby 4 months old sunday that can callpapa & ma ask for a drink set a lone has 4 teeth tell him to sho his fist he will shut both hands and hold them up tell him to fold his hands he will ask to see his teeth he will open his mouth tell him to say oh & he will now if you have such a baby in your town let ous know it hankerchief in his lip and wipes its face like some child 8 years old his pa took him up & said now sing for pa you would laugh to her him try to sing I am a old woman but never saw such a baby as this."

some of my papers when I found a leaf that contained in a few words the history of a mighty monarch and his reign. Just about a year ago I chanced to be treading the platform at a depot in Pueblo, Colorado, awaiting the departure of the train for Denver, when my attention was drawn to a section of a big tree, which had been sawed out, was about two feet thick and stood upon its edge, protected by an iron railing. The tree had stood for nearly four centuries, as was found by counting its rings, and so, after all, how little of its history we know. It had seen generation after generation of red men come and pass away and it had beheld the savage as he sorrowiully passed over the great snowy mountains (that almost over-shadowed the old tree) toward the setting sun, and disappear before the onward march of the paleface. He had seen the teepees and rude wigwams torn down and replaced by structures of adobe, and these, in turn, fall to be replaced by palatial structures of brick and granite For years the old monarch was admired and petted by the new rulers of the land. The tradesman paysed under his branches to rest, and the mountaineer, used only to scrub pine and cedars, stood beneath it in wonderment and admiration. The sage brush that grew in the alkali soil beneath its far reaching boughs was out away, and, under its very leaves grew up stores and shops, and still the monarch thrived. But by-

and-by the street commissioners begun to plot and whisper, and their plotting and whispers boded no good to the ancient monarch. The hamlet had become a village, and the village a city. It had grown away from the rapid little river of snow water, and handsome resdences were going up upon the neighboring mesa and when it was decided that the old tree must be cut down to make room for improvements on the thoroughfare, there arose such a protest from the citizens that armed force was necessary to prevent the populace from staying the woodmans ax, and a bloody riot was narrowly averted. But at last tree monarch fell, and that was how, as I awaited the train just about a year ago I was allowed the privilege of copy-

which appear below. "The Vanquished Monarch—age 380 years, height, 79 feet, circumference, 28 leet. Was cut down in South Pueblo, June 29, 1883, at the cost of \$250. It was known throughout Colorado as the oldest andmark of the State. During the Pikes' Peak excitement the old tree sheltered many a weary traveler. In 1850 thirty-six persons were massacred by the Indians while camping near this

ing from a section of the big tree the

interesting-I may say thrilling-facts

tree. Kit Carson, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill and other noted Indian scouts have built their camp fires under this tree. It is claimed that fourteen men were hung upon one of the limbs at different times. The first white man that died in Colorado was interred under its branches. The above facts are from good authority."

SPRING POETRY-GENUINE. The view from the window whereat I write Is very inspiring. My heart is light, And the April sun is warm and bright.

I game through the boughs of the sycamore tre All joys are mine that heart could wish— and the livelong day I get to see, Josephus Horton selling fish.

I don't charge you a cent for this vertisement, Ceph. No—you needn't send up a bunch of banannss. Dick and Boyd might get a holt of 'em, and I wouldn't get a smell; and I'm obliged to you for affording me some enterprise write about, any way.

MCCLELLAN'S PAREWELL N INCIDENT OF GEN. GEO. B. MCCLELLAN'S LEAV TAKING OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, IN

Along the army's drawn up front
McCiellan rides to bid farewell;
The feelings in the leader's breast
"Tis vain that I should seek to tell;
His staff is galloping beside—
One of the world's historic groups—
along the line they quickly ride,
Leave-taking of the gallant troops.

As past the lines McClellan dashed,
The troopers watched him with a sigh.
Their gillitering blades and hayonete flas
flaintes as he and staff rode by.
He did not see a tattered thest
That fluitered in the autumn breeze;
He passes by on charger flast.
But—now the battle flag he sees.

DOWN TO CALICO.

Story in Six Chapters.

BY JANIE DIMPLE CHIN.

Richard Fessenden stood before the mirror parting his hair carefully. always parted his hair with great precision, and this being a special occasion he was more precise than usual. He had tied a white cravat at his throat and dusted his graceful shoulders, and now the toilet was receiving its finishing touches. Dick was not a dude, but he was very fastidious about his dress, so A few days ago I was looking over his feminine friends said, at least. posed half a second and wondered what kind of an impression he would make on-but he choked that thought in its infancy. It was one of those very foolish ideas that may shoot through the depths of the cranium, but which we would be ashamed of, if the tongue should ever shape it into words. Dick was preparing for an evening party; not a ball, nor a german, nor a banquet, but one of those peculiarly delightful gatherings at a hospitable home, where everything is lively, from the talkative colored waiter in the front hall to the French cook who is preparing angel's food and other angelic refreshments in the culinary department. There may be a little dancing, a little whist-playing, or even ome progressive euchre, but the latter musement, of course, can not be tolerated in those circles of society where church sovereignty is at the maximum. In all cases the consolidated essence of emale sweetness, who recently made her debut, is the hosters, mamma is the furnishes the spondulics. All the acpolite society must be perfectly, exactly, Said he : answervingly just so. Polite society

will tolerate nothing else. You probably understand better what mean by polite society than if I should ry to explain it. The society in which Dick moved was "polite," no matter now much evidence might be adduced o the contrary. True, the young ladies ometimes whispered voluminous secrets n the presence of the young gentlemen, and masculine and feminine voices often plended in conversation on the added line above, but that was only innocent raiety. Some of the gentlemen in that lique possessed questionable characters, out they were never strictly impolite, herefore they had a place in polite sosiety. Fred Seymour was not tied to is mother's apronstrings, nor anybody's been intoxicated once or twice. But he

house with his jokes any time. John a charming little figure and a lily comdifferent from the distinguished statesman whose name he bore. He was just trifle wild, too, and gossip said some ansavory things about him. But he knew every play you could mention, and he was always called upon when things grew dull. So with the girls, Nellie Seymour, Fred's sister, was very pretty and very pouty, and Gertrude Davenport was so deceitful, and yet so leasant. Her mashing proclivities were onderous Florence Fisher was a backbiter, the girls said. They said it behind her back, too, poor thing. But gossip is hateful. What those young folks said bout each other in an uncomplimentary way would make a volume. Gertrude Davenport's father was a lawyer, full of experience and self-esteem. His income was as large as his charities were small. 'Malice toward all, and charity for none." What a motto!" A term on the common pleas bench had given him the title of Judge Davenport, and now, beyond fifty years of age, he still continued in the legal profession. Exorbitant fees and preposterous usury had given him a snug fortune, and no miser held his wealth with a tighter grip than he. He was devoted to three objects: first, his money, second, his daughter, third, his client. His riches made him a potent stockholder in the Marine Bank, and of this institution, Edwin Seymour, the parental ancestor of Fred Seymour, was cashier. Richard Y. Fessenden. Dick's only living relative, was president of that bank and was one of the ablest financiers in the city. Dick was not on the best terms with his bond-holding uncle at the time my story begins. When Dick's parents died some ten years before, and he was left with nething but the immortal halo of his father's debts over his head, Richard Y. Fessenden's heart actually got mellow enough to have a kind of compassion for his unfortunate nephew. He school ed the boy as much as he thought an orphan deserved, and afterward reproached himself for such a silly expenditure of yellow cash. The uncle and the nephew did not agree on many topics of discussion. Richard, junior, inherited the innate justness of his father and the strong will of his mother, and Richard, senior, had a code of rules for business life, which he kept trying to engrave on the memory of his pro-tege. Dick, however, could not see that his uncle's logic was Simon pure and unadulterated. He said so. This would use the wrath of the older Fessenden

ent piece of furniture, he would

your stubborn head. That's the way your father talked, and I've had to pay out nine thousand dollars to clear his

debts. Mind that, boy."

With this warning the stately banker would rattle his gold-bowed spectacles into their case, push his silk hat down to his ears, and leave the boy to sullen meditation. If Dick was wrong he was not converted from the error of his ways by the tirades of his relative. Whenever he came in contact with his uncle there was a row. They quarreled at breakfast, dinner and supper, and whenever they met between meals. Even Jemims, the good-tempered housekeeper, grew tired of the continuous centroversy and told Mr. Fessenden if the fuss could not be stopped, or carried

on in a more orderly manner, she would be compelled to change her residence. A feeling of horror, originating in his pocket-book, shot through Richard Y. Fessenden's soul as he thought of losing a housekeeper who did so much for so little. Of course, he said he should have been more careful in denouncing the folly of his wayward nephew, and he afterward told Dick, by way of reproof, that Jemima had complained of his boisterous conduct. Dick apologized to Jemima and she hastened to say that the fault was more in his uncle than in

The patience of Richard Y. Fessenden was completely exhausted when Dick made up his mind to study law. The career he had mapped out for his ungrateful nephew was not that, nor any thing like it. But Dick was immovable The uncle poured out his soul in a profusion of epithets, and prophesied three or four chapters with enough sacred names in them to make them plausible counterfeits of Scripture, and Dick was silent amid the tempest. Finally the ommittee on ways and means, and papa old gentleman straightened himself up, his wrinkled face white with rage and companiements of an evening party in his thin lips quivering with anger.

"Young man, yo. Don't set foot over that threshold again. When your life is a failure and you are ashamed of your stubborness, don't tell anybody I raised you, and don't come back here begging for money, money, like your father did. D'ye hear? I never saw such a"-

The next word was an oath and the rest of the sentence was lost in the slamming of the door. From the big brown brick mansion in the suburps Dick removed to the hotel, and there we find him. He had been admitted to practice and had been a member of the bar a year and a half, and he had never "set foot" over his uncle's threshold

since that memorable day. Now for Dora Canning's party. Richard primped himself to satisfaction and else, and rumor even said that he had then set out for the residence of his companion for the evening, Florence was so cute. He could bring down the Fisher. Florence was a lovely girl, with sight of the laughable, and eyes that spoke a hundred sentences a second. Her face was one of those which betray every emotion of the soul. She swiftly caught the point of a witticism, and just as swiftly the sparkle of her blue eyes dissolved into seriousness at the mention of a sober subject. She was lovely everywhere, having the happy faculty of adapting herself to any situation. That evening, in the cozy parlor,

she still was charming, even when compared with others who possessed an equal share of nature's gifts. Dora Canning, the hostess, was not bewitchingly beautiful, but she had a very pleasant manner, and she had a way of spicing her conversation with compliments which placed the second person in a beatitude. She was seemingly unconscious of her habit, too And there was Gertrude Davenport, sitting in quiet dignity, while she watched the chattering company, or making some comment to her near neighbor, which invariably brought an amused smile to the face of the person addressed. An observer might have noticed that Dick's eyes often wandered to the corner where Gertrude sat. No one observed it more closely than the watchful wax. Just before his signature was an Gertrude herself. She had learned to endearing word, which the reader may expect it, and she did not fail to meet be able to guess without my assistance, ais glance with a smile. Later, the two and on the back of the envelope was might have been found enjoying a tele-a- the name of Elaie Lee. tete, after Florence Fisher had performed on the piano, and the refreshments had been served, and the old kitchen clock of Colonel Canning's mother, now holding an honorary position in the parlor, had hammered off two lengthy hours. Gertrude's black eyes flashed with fun. She was a type of beauty different from Florence, but, with her tall straight form and perfect features and keen sense of humor, she was no less charming. The quiet chat was interrupted by Fred Seymour, who began:

"Why, say Dick, I have discovered another Dick Fessenden. Saw him yesterday. He lives in Indiana. Came here about two weeks ago to visit some of his friends in the city, he said. Do you know him?"

"No," said Dick. "I thought the Fessenden family was extinct, with the exception of my uncle and myself. Hails from Indiana, does he? Well, he will have to produce his genealogy before I own kinship to a Hoosier. I feel interested in my namesake though, if he has

surname the short way, but they are

"Don't know. I saw him at the club last night. I think he spells his name F.as-e-n-d-y-n, though." "Yes, there are people who spell their

an't make money with them ideas in not related to us, except through Adam and relationship is slightly uncertain when it gets so remote.'

At this juncture somebody suggested that the company play characles, and there was no dissenting voice. All entered into it with interest and soon s score of busy brains were searching for a word that could be successfully "cha

"Give me a piece of paper, Dick, please. I want to put down all the words we play to-night and maybe I can use them again," said Florence.

"How thoughtful!" answered Ger

Dick produced a small note-book from which he tore a leaf, and he was just about to put the book in his pocket when something white slipped from between the leaves and fluttered to the floor. Gertrude picked it up, an oblong card with a gilt edge. "Elsie Lee," read Gertrude, and then handed it back to Dick, fixing her black eyes on him quizzically as she did so. Dick blushed.

"That is a friend of mine, in Toledo, said he, as he put the card in the book and the book in his pocket. "Indeed," said she, "I have a friend

fn Toledo, too." "I was born there and a good deal of my checkered career has been spent in

that city." "Oh! well, then you may know my friend, Helen Hunter?'

"I have met her frequently, but I can't claim an intimate acquaintance."

"But what are they all laughing about?" said Gertrude, as a sudden outburst of laughter drowned all conversation, and every one around them seemed convulsed with merriment.

"Some of Fred's antic's," she said, answering her own question. Fred Seymour had been paying his assidous deferences to Gertrude, and she was rather proud of her merry companion. Dick was not exactly pleased to see Gertrude laughing at "Fred's antic's." Oh, jealousy! your shaft is sharper than a lance's point. When the desultory chat was resumed another topic was taken up, and thus the evening sped away. But Gertrude seemed a little absentminded. She was wondering about Dick's Toledo friend. "What could make him blush because I got the name of a friend of his in Toledo," she thought. Well, it was somewhat strange. After the girls had muffled themselves

in their heavy wraps, and bankrupted their fund of superlatives in telling the hostess how much they had enjoyed her party, and the whole company was homeward bound, Gertrude took occasion to ply Fred Seymour with some questions concerning Richard Fesendon. No. 2. Fred gave a short description of the duplicate Fessenden's personal appearance, and added that he believed No. 2 was in the city with matrimonial cussed. Only the night before, at the so-called "club," Fesendon No. 2 had worked him for six games of cards, when the pot included a large portion of Fred's

monthly earnings. Next morning Dick sat at the desk in his neat little office, leisurely turning over the leaves of a new law book. The room was unostentatiously furnished A handsome book-case of black walnut supported a collection of sheep-skin bindings, and on the back of each appeared the name of the owner, "R. Fessenden." A steel engraving of Abraham Lincoln and another of James A. Garfield looked down from the white walls, and a small couch stood opposite the book-case. The floor was covered with an ingrain carpet, and a piece of oil-cloth lay before the grate. Dick's gaze was equally divided between the blazing fire and the open law-book, in both of which he saw a mental image of Gertrude Davenport. He closed the book, and, taking a number of business letters from a drawer in his desk, began to peruse them. The first letter he wrote, however, was not on a matter of business. He wrote on tinted note paper and sealed the envelope nicely with

The same morning, and about the same time in the morning, Gertrude Davenport, dressed in a Mother Hubbard of purple cloth, sat down at her writing-desk, dipped her dainty gold pen in the ink-stand and penned a brief epistle to her friend in Toledo. It ran about this way:

DEAR HELEN-Please pardon my ab ruptness, but I want to ask you some-thing. Who on earth is Elsie Lee? Tell me all you know about her, in every respect. For a reason I will tell you in respect. For a reason I will tell you in my next, she is very interesting to me just now. In brief, I am about to make a mash and I think she is in the way. What, if any, relation does she have with Mr. Richard Fessenden, a young gentleman now in this city? I guess you know him, or have met him, at least. Now, do tell me all you know about Miss I see, and greatly oblige

Your friend,

GENTRUDE

P. S .- Confidential, you know. G.D.

The diamond set of a gold ring flashe The diamond set of a gold ring flashed in the light as she wrote, and a red tongue darted from between two red lips to moisten the postage stamp. How pretty she was that morning. He who sees a lovely girl carelessly stirred in her own home is in more tanger of losing things for continuous transfer of per hundred pounds, were dropped to thing for continuous transfer of pounds. own home is in more tanger of losing his viral organ than he who simply con-trasts beauties in a group. [To be continued.]

Railroad Rivalry Resulting in Reduced Rates.

California's Climate, Citizens and Squint-Eyed Celestials.

A Western View of the Labor War-Words

POMONA, CAL., April 3d, 1886. Our winter, if winter it may be called, s probably past and gone. We do not know, by our experience, how to sympathize with Florida. We have not had more than ten frosty mornings at our home, and no freezing. As our friends read our items we hope they will always notice the dates, and they will better be able to appreciate our sunny home. About February 15th we began using

our new potatoes. Our market has been supplied for some time with strawberries, which are not a very expensive luxury. Deciduous trees did not cast their leaves until in December, and came in leaf again in February. Apricot and peach trees were in bloom February 15th. The prospects for a large apricot crop is flattering. Oranges are principally gathered and boxed. A box containing just forty-six oranges was sent sent to the Citrus Fair, from Santa Ana. Los Angeles county. The fair at Chi-cago will give the eastern people many new and correct ideas of Southern California. Barley has been in head for some time, and corn is up and doing

The former citizens of Southern California were Mexicans, Spaniards, Mestizoes, etc., and from the possibilities of this favored clime became as lazy and indolent as people ever ought to be. For instance: barley or wheat may be sown in the fall. The following harvest enough grain will fall to seed the ground. By simply not doing anything, when the fall rains come, it grows, and under ordinary circumstances, a fair crop will be had. The same is often followed again the following fall, possibly with the addition of harrowing the ground, and the third crop gathered from the one sowing. Surely, you never saw a set of people whose countenances were so free from the expression of care. But with them, as with the Indian, the white man is pressing him from his extensive range, which he has so long enjoyed. As he sees the improvements of the white man he wants them, and in order to get them he sells a portion of his ranchand for him it is gone forever.

For the invalid, or the person who is inclined to have delicate health, this is surely the sanitarium. But few days have passed this winter but the doors of our business houses have stood open. intentions. If Fred was a little reticent | The business man, instead of being shut on the subject, it was because of un- up in an unhealthy atmosphere all day. s the pure, fresh air which the lation of his room will permit. The wife may enjoy the same blessing, and the children take full benefit of the superabundance of sunshine and pleasant weather, and are out of doors the greater part of the time from November to May, and from May to November, and as a result a sick child is rarely heard of. Excesses are often found. That above narrated, of forty-six oranges filling a usual sized orange box, which, I suppose, holds no less than one and onehalf bushels, is the excess and by no means the rule. One of our neighbors has a castor bean stalk, or tree, the seed of which he planted last May and it is now sixteen and one-half inches in circumference. An elder tree, which stands by the road on our way to the city, and is just the same species as the much despised bush which so persistently infests our Ohio fence corners, is seven feet three and one-half inches in circumference, actual measurement, and not being round, but somewhat flattened, its longest diameter is greater than that shown

> by its circumference. We confidently expected that some of our eastern friends and acquaintances would take advantage of the railroad war which was started about the middle of February by the A. T. & S. Fe road, and is not yet ended. The most of the time, a very low rate has been given, and the following clipping from the Weekly Mirror, of Los Angeles, will show the very low limit to which the rate went, for traveling 1700 miles, or from here to Kansas City, Mo.

A BITTER BLOW.

Kansas City............\$10